

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS AND BONDS.

The attention of Congress has been turned in an unusually profitable direction in the consideration of the best means of affording a secure investment for savings of small amount in individual cases, but amounting to large sums in the aggregate. The American people have in the past been conspicuous for a lack of frugality and a disposition to spend money freely as fast as it was made, and trust to luck for the future. This tendency has been encouraged by the want of safe and convenient investments for small sums, such as the people of many less advanced nations possess. Savings banks have in too many instances proved a mockery and a delusion, and the American disregard of small things has been conspicuously shown in the absence of any provision by which the government could avail itself of the results of the economy and thrift of the masses of the people, even when it was urgently in need of advances, and prepared to pay a high rate of interest for large sums from abroad. The hard times have taught the virtue of frugality in a way in which it was never inculcated before. The example of France extricating herself from her indebtedness to Germany by appealing for a popular loan, in which "the smallest contributions thankfully received," has shown how much can be accomplished in this direction. The proposition at present before Congress for the establishment of Postal Savings Banks is clearly a step in the right direction, whatever theoretical objections may be raised as to the government's exceeding its proper functions. It is the function of the government to do anything that will add to the prosperity and advance the true interests of the public. The bill drafted by the House Committee on Banking and Currency, authorizes the receipt of money on deposit at all postoffices having money order departments in sums not less than twenty-five cents, of which account will be kept in passbooks, as in ordinary savings banks. No interest will be allowed until the sum of ten dollars has been accumulated, when the deposits may be converted into postal savings bonds, which are to be issued in denominations of ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollars. They will bear interest at three and six-tenths per cent. per annum. The postal savings bonds are in turn convertible into ordinary four per cent. bonds. The merit of this system is that it offers absolute security to depositors, and will inspire a confidence which in too many localities is lacking, so far as savings banks are concerned, and with just reason. The scheme is to be commended moreover on broad grounds of public policy, as giving a large class of the people a direct, tangible interest in the maintenance of the national credit. It will convert the thrifty laborer into a "hoisted bondholder" on a small scale before he is fairly aware of it, and from the moment he begins to acquire property of this description his sympathies will be instinctively ranged in favor of law and order. It is not probable that the scheme will be accepted without some modifications, as other plans have their advocates. The bill that has passed the Senate in favor of the issue of \$100,000,000 in coupon bonds of the denominations of \$25, \$50 and \$100, with interest at four per cent., though independent of the Postal Savings Bank measure may not improbably modify the latter, as its tendency is in the same direction.

As soon as the mints are fairly at work it will be in the power of the Secretary of Treasury to increase our monetary resources to the extent of the coining capacity, say at the rate of \$4,000,000 per month. It need no commentary to show that this is what the law provides. As to how the money will be put into circulation, that is a very simple matter. There has been a great deal of ingenuity expended in showing how he may keep it locked in the vaults of the Treasury and avoid issuing it at all, but the sophistries offered will not prevail. The Secretary of the Treasury will take the coin from the mints and buy bullion with it to make into more coin. That is the whole story. Congress desires that a certain amount of silver bullion shall be made useful and available as money. So many milled dollars will be exchanged for so much bullion, and the bullion will then be minted and a further exchange made. Silver notes of denominations of ten dollars and upwards will take the place of coin for circulation, so the denunciations of "heavy loads to carry" will prove to be unwarranted, and with the silver note in circulation we may see the real silver, secured by the note, but seldom. It is a very straightforward transaction, and it will be very straightly carried out.

A dispatch dated London, 6 o'clock yesterday morning, says that Count Andrássy in his speech to the Hungarian delegation definitely stated yesterday that Austria would oppose the ex-

tension of Bulgaria to the Aegean sea and its occupation by Russian troops for more than six months. On the conclusion of the speech, the delegation unanimously voted the credit of 60,000,000 florins, specifying distinctly that the money was appropriated specifically for the mobilization of the army, should it be necessary to defend Austro-Hungarian interests. Russia has acquiesced in England's proposition to admit Greece to the congress, and it is hoped that the congress will assemble before the first week in April, but there are so many points yet unsettled that no feeling of certainty exists here as to the date of assembling. In fact the congress is not favorably regarded in England as likely to produce any satisfactory or permanent result, while, of course, it is expected that England will take part in it the final result is so uncertain that few people will take much interest in it until its sittings are actually in progress. Meanwhile all homeward ships are stopped at Malta to reinforce the Mediterranean fleet, and the arsenals are running at full power to provide war material.

There is a strong probability of a dissolution of Parliament within the next three months. It is hinted that a general election may be ordered during the Easter vacation, and both parties are preparing for such an event. Mr. Gladstone's retirement from future representation of Greenwich is regarded as significant.

The Senate Committee on Pacific Railroads gave a hearing to R. S. Spofford upon the bill looking to the completion of a Southern Pacific Railroad by the extension to El Paso of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway; to connect with the Southern Pacific Railroad of California. The San Antonio Company do not ask for a land grant or for any endorsement of bonds, but that a contract may be authorized whereby the War Department shall make advances as the road shall be built not to exceed \$15,000 per mile, these advances to be reimbursed to the Government in military transportation and postal service.

The President's extreme opinion on the use of intoxicating drinks are understood to be the underlying cause of the sudden retirement of First Auditor Mahon of the Treasury, who has held the office for nearly forty years. Mahon has been a faithful and excellent officer, but has occasionally drank a good deal and was reported the other day to President Hayes as having been seen intoxicated. President Hayes at once notified Mr. Sherman that Mr. Mahon ought not to be retained, and as Mr. Sherman is anxious to make places for new men in the Treasury, he at once gave Mr. Mahon his walking papers.

In general, the bill for the revision of the patent laws, which has been introduced into the Senate, will meet popular approval. Few of its provisions make sweeping changes. The facilities under the present law for making use of a reissue to obtain virtually a new patent, will be curtailed by the bill, as they ought to be. Various obstacles in legal procedure, that now embarrass inventors, will be set aside by the bill. The imposition of periodical fees to keep a patent in existence is probably more likely to awaken discussion than any other feature of the measure.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature which provides that no person having a husband, wife, child or parent, shall will to any charitable or other society, corporation or object more than one-fourth of his property. Any bequest in excess of that amount is made invalid, and no bequests executed less than two months before the death of the donor shall be good in law. The bill is intended to check the disgraceful business of contesting wills, now so common; but it is unlikely that it will pass.

Fifty Years as a Horse Driver.
From the Philadelphia Times.
William Boyle is a man of probable seventy years of age, but who carries his years well, and whose hair and whiskers are still dark. "I have been in the country forty-five years," said Mr. Boyle, who is supposed to have a penchant for the ladies. "but I won't tell you my age. Ever since I have been in this country I have been driving a heavenly mail wagon but the letter I deliver is at only one post office—the graveyard. I drive a hearse, and for thirty years I have attended a funeral at least three times a day. You can tell from that how many bodies I have hauled to the grave. I am the oldest hearse driver in America, I have carried more people to the grave than any living man. I held ribbons when John Quincy Adams body passed through Philadelphia; I did the same over Zachary Taylor. I drove the dead cart at the mock funeral of Andrew Jackson, in this city, and a great time we had. I drove the hearse when President Lincoln and Vice President Wilson had their funeral ceremonies in this city. The greatest funeral I have ever connected with was that of John Price Wetherill, and that day I headed a procession of 300 carriages. It was a splendid turnout. Talk about the 'Old Sexton' gathering them in, it's me that has turned them in. How old am I and where I was born? My impression is that I never was born at all, but that floated down the Susquehanna on a log. I am as old as the hills."

THE TRASCENDENT COMMODORE.

Impatient When Neglected by the Attendants Around his bed.

N. Y. Sun.
Uncle Daniel Drew when called as a witness in the Vanderbilt will case yesterday, slowly seated himself in the chair, and resting his hands on the arms looked shrewdly at the lawyers with his small gray eyes. He did not remember anything about anything that the contestant's counsel asked him, except that he knew Commodore Vanderbilt very well and had talked to him about Cornelius, but he could not call to mind any conversation "about Cornelius and the river, on the dock or the pier, or anything else that the contestant wanted or that the proponent cared about."

Mr. Lord offered to recall Mr. J. J. Ogden and to prove by him that Miss Tennie C. Clavin was about fifty years the junior of Commodore Vanderbilt; also to show that the Commodore made to other ladies offers of marriage similar to those by him to Miss Clavin, also that the Commodore furnished the money to run Woodliff & Clavin's Weekly, and that such paper advocated an entire change of the social system and the relations of husbands and wives—in short, the doctrine of "free love" and the most sensual type of spiritualism and clairvoyance, and that deponent approved and advocated such views. Counsel also offered to show that the Commodore was in the habit of receiving money from outside parties for the benefit of Miss Clavin; particularly that he received from Mr. Harrison Cox \$7,000—a check for which amount, bearing Commodore Vanderbilt's endorsement, was presented—with the agreement that he would use the interest for her benefit and return the principal to Mr. Cox; but, in violation to that agreement, he paid over the whole amount to her.

Mr. Clinton objected, and the evidence was excluded.
When Dr. Isaac N. Swazey, who is Cornelius J. Vanderbilt's physician, was called as a witness, Mr. Lord offered to prove that he overheard W. H. Vanderbilt say to Chauncey M. Dewey, "How can they make out a conspiracy against us on such facts as these?" but the Court upon objection, ruled the matter out as incompetent and immaterial.

Mr. William W. Bennett, who lived in Jersey City, and does business at 33 West Twenty-fourth street, said that he was an electric physician. He testified:

I was called to attend Commodore Vanderbilt as his physician in May, 1876, on his eighty-second birthday. Mr. De Forrest, his nephew, requested me to call on him. Dr. Lindsey and Elliott were there when I went into his room; also Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Crawford, and the nurse. The Commodore was howling like a wild beast with pain, so that he could be heard all over the house, calling on God to relieve his suffering, wondering why God was persecuting him so. I magnetized him for about an hour, and again magnetized him for an hour, and left him quiet. After that I had to sit up with him at nights, treating him. He talked to me a great deal, and it was noticeable that he repeated himself. He said he didn't believe the doctors knew anything, that they were a set of damned fools, and that nothing did him good except magnetism. I saw W. H. Vanderbilt there every day, often in his father's room. The Commodore's other children came and sent up their names, but it seemed to irritate him a great deal, and I never saw one of them in his room. I took him a letter from Miss Tennie C. Clavin, offering to treat him. He told me to keep the letter, and said he would keep it. The next day Mr. De Forrest came to me with a message that my services were no longer required. I objected, to him and to Mrs. Vanderbilt in his presence, to the arrangement of his bed. He lay upon a sheet laid on a rubber blanket, and as the sheet worked up, his naked limbs would be directly against woolen blankets, for the sake of their warmth. Mrs. Vanderbilt objected as the bed was frequently soiled, and it was so expensive to use blankets. The Commodore exclaimed: "Damn the expense; buy a bale!" But the blankets were not procured, and the arrangement of his bed was not changed. The Commodore often asked for a kind of cake which he called "cookies," but only got them once or twice in the three weeks I was there. One day Mrs. Vanderbilt brought him a bowl of soup, and after taking a mouthful, he dashed the bowl across the room against the wall exclaiming: "Who in hell salted that soup?" Mrs. Vanderbilt said she didn't know. I ordered broken ice to be kept in a bowl by his bedside for his use, and sometimes it was allowed to melt, and there was neglect about refilling it. On such occasions he would demand, "Why in hell they couldn't keep ice in that bowl when he wanted it." One day he was left alone in his room for some time, and wanting something, called for his nurses, Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Crawford, one after another. Finally Mrs. Crawford came. He called her to him, gripped her hand, and squeezed it so hard that she cried, saying to her at the same time: "Can't I keep some of you (offensive words) here?" The Commodore told me one time that he had a vision, before I was called upon to attend him. He said he saw a roadway shaped like a horseshoe apparently stretching round his bed, and that on one end of that roadway he saw a large number of his friends and acquaintances moving along, and as they travelled along together he would see one after another drop off, and as they went on, more and more dropped off, and he himself seemed to be on the road and once or twice went to the edge but did not drop off, and now he said he was standing on the edge and did not know whether he would go off or keep on his journey. He also told me that he was a clairvoyant, and said in relation to his then present sickness as compared with other sicknesses he had had during his life, that he could not see the end of it then, although with all his former sicknesses he could see the end whether he was going to get well of them.

Mr. Lord made a number of offers, which were objected to, and were excluded by the Court, one among which was to prove by this witness that he once overheard Mrs. Vanderbilt say—speaking of the probable duration of the Commodore's illness—"the old man must die; I can't stand this hell any longer." Mr. Clinton objected, but in so doing expressed his regret that, being consistent in his objections, forbade his joining issue on that avowed offer.

The witness continued: The Commodore said to me that he had suffered for years with the diseases which afflicted him when I was called in. [An offer by Mr. Lord to introduce some evidence bringing Tennie C. Clavin, and a certain picture called "Aurora," into the case, was objected to and excluded.] During the third week of my attendance there, after the Commodore got improved sufficiently to sit up and read a newspaper and attend to his business generally, I, having seen the various members of his family call, said to him, "Commodore, you are now children; will you not do so?" He got into a furious rage, and burst out: "No, damn them, they are all but Bill."

Proprietor's counsel waived for the present the right of cross-examination of this witness. The Surrogate, however, had a few questions to ask on the subject of magnetism and how it was applied. The witness said: When a man is so that he can magnetize he is just like an electric battery; his right hand is his positive and his left the negative pole, and he communicates his electricity by contact and manipulation. A healthy operator gives his patient the vital force he needs for the building up of his weakened organs.

The Surrogate's interest in the science encouraged Mr. Lord to offer to show that Miss Tennie C. Clavin had repeatedly magnetized the Commodore, but that was objected to and ruled out.
No other of the long list of witnesses called was present, so a lot of attachments were ordered to stand adjourned until Tuesday next.

Young Girls.

Our young girls do not understand the witchery of bright eyes and rosy lips, but set off their beauty by all the artificial means which lie in their power, never reflecting that by so doing they destroy their principal charm—that of innocence. The rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her teens need only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adornings are more for the matron, her dress gaining in simple fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The season teach us something here, if we go to nature for an object lesson. How different her charm from the deep, maturing summer, when the hues are decided, and the air is loaded with perfume from a thousand censers. The school girl is only on the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day, and discard artificiality for nature.

Some of Prentice's Sayings.

A recent writer reproduces from the files of the Louisville Journal some of George D. Prentice's witty sayings, which were not dependent upon time and circumstances, as most of them naturally were, for their point and force. Following are a few of them:

"To keep your friends, treat them kindly; to kill them, treat them often."
"He who reels and staggers most in the journey of life, takes the straightest cut to the devil."
"Men should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should be careful not to forget himself."

"A dinner to which a man is not invited generally sits hardest on his stomach."
"There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes," it they could govern their tongues."
"The doctors ought to see escape calumny. No man living has a right to speak ill of them."

"The working of a corker is about the only thing best achieved by indirection."
"The reduction of postal facilities has gone so far. The mail passed through—towing the other day in a couple of stockings tied over the back of a bull-dog."

"A few years ago the freedom of New York city was presented to Mr. Van Buren in a gold snuff-box. There was plenty of room in the box for all the freedom that New York has enjoyed for many years."

"There are two periods when Congress does no business. One is before the holidays and the other is after."

"Were it not ungenerous to remind a man of his natural deformities, we would inform the editor of the Grand Gulf Advertiser that he is a natural fool."

THEY MET BY CHANCE.

The Two Men From Silverton and Their Confab.

"Now, in Silverton, Nevada, we used to"—
"Silverton!"
"Yes."
"Nevada!"
"Yes."

"Well, you are the first man I have seen from Silverton for a coon's age. I left there six years ago; I left my wife there."

"I went there nearly six years ago." Such was the passage in a conversation going on between two strangers taking a meal in a Utah restaurant, who attracted the attention of myself, eating at a different table.

The man latest from Silverton was a short, stout, sandy looking man, with beard closely cropped, and a scar, beginning, as I supposed, somewhere in the hair of his head thence running down the forehead along to the right of the nose, making nicks in the lower part of the nose and in the lips, then disappearing in the beard of the chin. It looked as if some one had started to skin him and gave it up on the offer of a better job. The other man was tall, quick-spoken, nervous and dark-looking, with beard stricken with gray, and he would have been called "Old" if he had had two eyes, as it was his one eye was set crossing.

"Well, how is Silverton now?" continued the dark-looking man.
"Oh, petered."
"Anybody there?"

"Few old fellows sticking to claims that they think there's something in. They'll stay till Gabriel's trump races them out."

"Did you know Tom Slemmons?"
"Yes; he killed himself drinking whisky."

"What became of John Littlefield?"
"Moses Lawler killed him in a fight over the Sweetly Dreaming claim."

"Reckon Sandy Jones ain't there now?"
"Gold out the Bet Your Boots for forty thousand, went back to Pike, and is cultivating a family."

"Dick Branigan made money there?"
"Yes; but he is dead—whisky got him."

"Did Harry Martin get rid of his money?"
"Yes; went to the Black Hills; got killed by the Sioux."

"Did his brother 'Dead' go?"
"He went; made a big fortune out of the place. Is member of congress from Nebraska now."

"Alvin Sanders, that kept the Dew of Heaven saloon, has left I suppose?"
"Proceeded the one-eyed man."

"Left for good; got loaded with a stray bullet while a row was going on in his saloon one night."

"Wonder what become of Pat Pyburn, that ran a saloon there—the Angelic."

"He's a banker in San Francisco."

"John Bogden had a bank in Silverton; where is he banking now?"
"He is herding sheep for Tommy Figgins, on mud lake."

"Tommy, the bootblack?"
"The same; he got feet in the Street By-and-By, and sold for twenty thousand."

"Did you know the Sloper boys?"
"Well, Harry Sloper is the Co. in Bladale & Co., a mercantile firm in Hong Kong, China. Luke Sloper killed a Chinaman in Slabtown and got six months in the Carson penitentiary. Long sentence just for killing a Chinaman. He'll be pardoned out, though. Lige Sloper got into a shooting scrimmage with Montana Jack and killed him. Lige afterward went to the Arkansas Hot Springs; he was not very well."

"Where did Charley Madden go?"
"Dead."

"Why, he was a stout, healthy looking man."

"Whisky."

"Charley's wife and mine," continued the tall stranger, "were great cronies. My wife, somehow, never liked my name; heard she changed her part of it soon as I left, and in a few months married without a divorce under her new name; married a fellow named Scraggs."

"Scraggs!"
"Scraggs!"

"Ah—ah—waiter, another cup of coffee. Suppose you know Charley's brother-in-law, Dutch Louis, that busted in the brewery business?" said the sandy looking man.

"First rate; where is he?"
"He's in Silverbrook, Arizona. Got a big brewery there."

"Remember Alf Sykes?" said the stranger, with the one eye set crossing.

"Got twenty years at Carson for robbing the mail."

"Heard Ward Smithers had some trouble?"

"Five years at Carson for robbing Wells, Fargo. He didn't play it fine like they say old Blivins did; I believe that was his name—nick-name, I guess."

"Old Blivins?"
"Old Blivins. You see he robbed Wells, Fargo, just out of Silverton; that was before I went there; heard of it. The messenger was the only witness against him, and on the morning of the day of the trial the messenger was found shot dead at the door of the room in which he slept; and which opened on a narrow alley. It was not known for certain who did it, but the vigilantes supposed to old Blivins that perhaps his health would be benefited by a change of climate."

Said the stranger, with an expression of countenance which showed that he thought he was looking the short man square in the face:

"What might your name be?"
"Name—my name—is Scraggs; yours?"

"Old Blivins."

"Passing out the door just at this point, I did not learn how they reconciled their conflicting locations."

—In a nursery wherein all is life and laugh instead of crying and fretting, there, sure to be found Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Wanted.
Every farmer in Pettis county to come and see the best plow ever offered. A twelve-inch first-class plow for \$10, and all other kinds in proportion. Two dollars on the plow, cheaper than ever offered. Farm and household use. Also, the celebrated Howe sewing machine. 2-12-78

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An intelligent, active boy, from fifteen to seventeen years old, to learn the bookbinding trade. See living with his parents preferred. Apply at this office at once. 1f

A Monster Follywag.

Last June a number of gentlemen leased the Ste. Anne des Monts for the purpose of salmon fishing. This river empties into the St. Lawrence, near Cape Chat some 350 miles below Quebec. The party reached the village at the mouth of the river on Sunday, and as they determined to remain until next day, some one proposed they should devote the afternoon to cod fishing in the bay. Bait and tackle were provided, and under the direction of Pierre Mathalon, chief of the cod-fishing at Ste. Anne's the party were soon in the fishing grounds and busily engaged in hauling in cod and skate.

The little fleet consisted of three boats, one of which contained Henry Hogan of Montreal, Mr. Cuvillier, and two gentlemen from New York. This boat was about half a mile from the others, and about two miles off shore, when the attention of Mr. Hogan, who sat in the bow, was attracted to a large floating mass about fifty feet from the boat. At first it seemed to be like the back of a turtle, save that it was of a bright scarlet color. Raising the anchor cautiously, the party headed the boat toward the sleeping object. When within ten or fifteen feet of the monster it raised an immense arm or claw, and with terrific force brought it down, striking the boat just amidship, cutting a V shaped slot a foot wide in the vessel's side, the fracture almost reaching the water's edge. A cry of horror went up as they saw this enormous arm extended in the air, and the boatmen raised. All speedily took to the oars to escape the enraged monster, which was lashing the water in its fury.

Thrice Mr. Hogan struck it with a boat hook. The arrival of the other boats on the scene seemed for a moment to frighten it, as it attempted to go toward the ocean. In passing near one of the boats, the Canadian drove his boat hook into its head. Then followed a scene indescribable. Raising its horse-shaped head, with the boat hook still fastened in it, a scream, as if from a locomotive filled the air, while the monster thrashed and beat the water into foam. All were now intent on the capture of the wounded monster. Reinforced by fishing boats from the shore, the fight became fierce. Harpoons, boat hooks, revolvers came into play. Mr. Cuvillier emptying his navy-sized Colt into the animal's sides as they showed above the water. After three hours the prize was captured and towed ashore. On reaching shallow water ropes were made fast to it, and the assistance of the villagers being brought into requisition, it was hauled up on dry land.

The body proper measured twenty-two feet in length, its girth around the widest part was eight feet ten inches. Its head shaped like that of a horse, covered with thick and bushy hair, which hung over its eyes and forehead in great bunches. The eyes protruded like those of a lobster, and were as large as a man's head. Six large fins, or flippers, three on either side, measured two feet wide where they join the body, and three feet six inches wide on the outer edge. One of these fins had been torn by a boat hook, and to this circumstance the capture was attributed. From the body of this strange creature a long and eel-shaped tail was attached, giving it the appearance of a gigantic eel, and so, that the entire color was a bright scarlet.

I will now try to describe the single arm or antenna which the monster was armed. It was sixteen feet long and shaped like the trunk of an elephant, and measured four feet in circumference where it joined the body just behind the gills or breathing holes in the left side of the creature's body. This arm or feeler had an immense pair of claws—not unlike those of the lobster, except that they were of enormous size, and the teeth being treble rowed and shaped as daggers. The gigantic mouth also showed three rows of teeth as large as those of a whale. The tongue of this terrible sea devil weighed over a ton and filled two large hogheads.

The above facts were communicated to me by Mr. Southern, the comedian, who formed one of the fishing party. —W. J. Florence in the Detroit Free Press.

A Scandal in Decatur, Ill.

Decatur, March 12.—This morning George Kraft, a very nice young man, was arrested on a State warrant by Sheriff Forstemyer, sworn out by J. B. Frazier, accusing him of keeping a room for improper purposes. Frazier and his wife have been living peacefully together for many years. He is frequently out of town for several days at a time, and he takes this step to punish Kraft, whom he accuses of having improper intercourse with his wife during his absence. By the evidence of one witness it is shown that Kraft and Mrs. Frazier were recently on the street at two o'clock in the morning too drunk to get home without assistance. Another witness, a woman, was committed to jail for refusing to testify whether or not she ever saw Mrs. F. in Kraft's room, or saw a late hour to-night still refuse to testify. Mrs. Frazier was considered a woman of culture and refinement. She was an officer of the Good Templar lodge and a teacher in one of the Sunday-schools. These sudden disclosures have shocked the city, as the woman was thought to have been pure.

R. D. DEAN. A. P. MOREY.

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Having my Abstract of Title to all Real Estate in Pettis County written up to date, I am prepared to furnish correct Abstracts at very low rates to rent holders, collect rents, and do a general agency business.

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SEWING MACHINES.

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